Upon the Suppreſſion of CONVENTICLES.

A Tranſlation from the Latine Copy.

WHo, now ſhall *mighty Charles's* Head deny,
The glorious Enſigns of the *Victory*
O're that *tumultuous throng* that wou'd diſdain
The *peaceful temper* of his *golden Reign*;
I mean the blind *Geneva's* blinder *Son*,
Spawn'd from Her *Errours* and *confuſion:*
A *SnaKe* that long the *liſt'ning Crowd* trapan'd,
With hiſſing varniſh't *Peſt'lence* through the Land;
Till *Hercules* with Kingly fury led,
Cruſh't out the baleful *poyſon* through its *head:*
For when the *mutinous Aſſembly* ſaw
The conſequence of *long abuſed awe*,
Offended at the *terrour* of the *Ray*,
Sedition like an *Owl* forſook the *Day.*
But now my Muſe ſucceſſively repeat
What conſecrated projects, what deceit
Is us'd i'th' Meeting-houſe to guild the *Cheat!*
I' th' boſom of *Auguſta* (for what Weed
From great *Auguſta's* fatneſs is not bred?)
Stands a Religious *Pile* (good *Church* forbear
Thy cenſure, and th' abus'd expreſſion ſpare;)
There a *Quack-Levite* in a *Jump* appears
With *hair* preciſely dockt above his Ears,
And from his wheeſing hollow Cheſt lets fly,
Revealed *Nonſence* for deep *myſtery.*
Round him, One, *Myriads* of *Citts* may tell,
That with *Enthuſiaſtick Vapours* ſwell.
Ev'n from the Wealthy Trading *Magiſtrate*,
Whoſe *Venerable paunch* ſails ſlow for *ſtate*,
To that vile *Tool*, that pen't up in his Mew,
Repairs old Shoes, and fortifies the New.
Full of falſe Light the Aged *Belldam* throngs,
That ſcarce cou'd drag her wither'd Limbs along;
And tho' ſhe hears not, ſhe ſupinely Nods,
And gapes and belcheth with the heavenly load;
Whilſt a new fire the ſimpring Siſters feel,
Which make their quivering Eye-balls kindly reel,
As toſt betwixt their Leachery and Zeal.
Now, now the *Boanerges* mounts on high
And ſcales the *Tub* with *pompous gravity.*
Upon the Left his greezy Gloves he lies,
Then rowls his fulſom Whites up to the Skies;

And

And *yawns* and *ſpits* and both his *paws* extends,
Till clammy drops rope from his Fingers ends:
Then opens in a drowzie mutt'ring pray'r,
As if the *Pow'rs* beſt lik't a *Whiſperer*.
Sometimes he *howls* in *ſhrill diſſembling tones*,
Then *growls* with *grumbling throws* of *inward groans*.
Juſt now he *friſks* in ſome *Careering ſtrain*,
And now he *ſinks* into his *halt* again.
So mixt and various his Accents are,
You'd think that all the *Herd* did bellow there.
Obſerve his full-blown *Cheeks*, look he'll *drub*,
With *unreſiſted Fiſt* the *paſſive Tub*.
A *Zealous fury* fires him to aſſayle,
The *Scarlet Whore* with *Blunderbuſs* and *Flayle*.
Againſt the *Church*, the *Altar*, *Quire*, and *Pray'r*,
He plays the mighty gifted Thunderer,
And calls the *Cope* and *Sirplice Popiſh Ware*.
Nor has He either *modeſty* or *ſhame*
To ſpare the *Gracious Monarch's* ſacred name,
As if he truckl'd to the *Papal Chair*,
And all his *Councellors* conſenting were:
With ſuch reflections and a ſolemn din,
He ſcrubs the *tickl'd Audience* till they *grin*.
But heark! —— who 'r they without that force the door
With ſuch importunate officious Pow'r?
Th' *Informer* comes they cry, th' *Informer* comes,
'Tis Captain *Hilton* and his *Myrmidons!*
Why *Ananias* hang you ſo your Ears,
You 'll never leave your Flock when the Wolf appears?
Pray pardon me he anſwer'd, I can do
As much to Sham the *Statute* Sir as you,
With that the *Trap-door* fell, the *Elder div'd* from view.
The *Wretches* ſcuttle to *eſcape* in vain,
For ſome are notify'd and ſome are ta'ne.
And in great conſternation of the mind,
Thoſe pay their *mulct*, and *Theſe* are cloſe confin'd.
Thus when they'd taſted well the After-game,
Their fierce *Fanatick fury* grew more tame.
Nor can Sedition neatly varniſh't o're
With fair profeſſions, trouble *England* more,
Their force will ne're prevail as once before.

FINIS.

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